

# Terms of Publication.

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Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To ensure attention to them, they must be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guarantee against imposition. All letters pertaining to business of the office must be addressed to the Editor.

## Poetry.

### WOODEN LEGS.

Two little children sat in the twilight,  
Murmuring soft and low.  
Said one, "I'll be a sailor lad,  
With my boat ahoy! yo ho ho!  
For sailors are most loved of all,  
In every happy home,  
And tears of grief or sadness fall,  
Just as they go or come."

But the other child said sadly,  
"Ah, do not go to sea,  
Or in the dreary winter nights  
What will become of me?  
For if the wind begins to blow,  
Or thunder shake the sky,  
While you were in your boat, yo ho!  
What could I do, but cry?"

Then he said, "I'll be a soldier,  
With a delightful gun,  
And I'll come home with a wooden leg,  
As heroes have often done."  
She screamed at that, and prays and begs,  
While tears—half angry—start,  
"Don't talk about your wooden legs,  
Unless you'd break my heart!"

He answered her rather proudly,  
"If so what can I do?  
If I must have a wooden leg  
And must not go to sea?"  
How could the President sleep at night,  
Safe in the secure and dress,  
If American boys refused to fight  
For fear of wooden legs?"

She hung her head in pensive,  
And trying to be good,  
But her little hand worked tenderly  
The leg of flesh and blood;  
And with her foot she hid the blood  
The knickerbocker's knee,  
And sighed, "Perhaps—if you insist—  
You'd better go to sea!"

Then he flung his arms about her,  
And laughingly he spoke,  
"But I've seen many honest tars  
With legs of toughest oak!  
O, darling, when I am a man,  
With beard of shining black,  
I'll be a hero if I can,  
And you must not hold me back!"

She kissed him as he answered,  
"I'll try, try, I can do—  
And Washington had both his legs,  
And George Lee too!  
And Garibaldi! here she sighed,  
"I know his lance—but there—  
He's such a hero—some beside  
Like him could do and dare!"

So the children talked in the twilight  
Of many a setting sun,  
And she'd stroke his chin, and clap her hands  
That the heart had not begun;  
For though she meant to be brave and good  
When he played a hero's part,  
Yet often the thought of the leg of wood  
Lay heavy on her heart!

## Original.

### No. 6. For the REPUBLICAN. PRISON LIFE. BY A PRISONER.

"But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I would a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up by soul, freeze thy young blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their  
sockets."

It is not so much that I am forbid  
to tell the story of my prison, as that  
it is beyond the power of man to tell it  
aright. The pen of a Dante would  
fail here. He went down into the hell  
of his own imagination, and the wild  
passions in his soul pictured the scenes  
of horror there. But here was an  
Inferno upon earth, and one, too, in  
which not spirits, but living men were  
confined, and where the body as well  
as the soul suffered torment. My first  
thought on entering was, I will never  
live to be released from this place.  
And here I may give a description of  
the prison, poor though it will be. It  
lay on either side of a hollow through  
which a stream of water, that came from  
a swamp, coursed its way. The water  
was black, and tasted rankly of vege-  
tation. Added to this, the cook-house  
was built just above the prison, and  
the filthy grease from it was constantly  
flowing down. The whole was sur-  
rounded by a stockade fence, about  
twelve feet high, on the top of which  
century boxes were erected at conven-  
ient distances. Inside this, and some  
twelve feet away, a light single railing  
ran, and this was the dead line. The  
tents and huts had originally been  
formed in regular streets, but the  
prison was now so full that all trace of  
these was lost, save on each side.  
On the North side of the stream a  
swamp extended some distance, cover-  
ing, I suppose, four acres. One who  
has never seen a southern swamp can  
have no just conception of it. A black,  
rotten bog of decaying logs, and filled  
with lizards and snakes. I have seen  
men sink down in it to the middle.  
(Was this a good place for a pestilence?)  
All through the prison walls had been  
dug, that yielded a half supply of  
water. I afterwards helped to dig  
one. The ground was sand for six  
feet down, then a strata of clay, then  
sand, sand on down, no doubt, to  
China, or at least to an intervening  
place. In fact, the whole Confederacy  
was built on the sand—of Slavery,

instead of on the rock of Freedom.  
Those prisoners who had first come in  
had built tents of logs and clay.  
Other later ones who were fortunate  
enough to retain their blankets, had  
put them up for shelter from the sun  
and rain. Many, however, came in  
with nothing but a suit of clothes.  
These were compelled to lie down on  
the sand, exposed by day to the sun  
and rain, and at night to the cold dew.  
But they never remained long with  
us. Death soon took them away.

At the time I entered there were  
eighteen thousand men in the prison.  
Immediately after going in, I went  
to the brook for a drink. It was crowd-  
ed with men getting water close to the  
dead line. Seeing the water clearer  
next the fence, I was about to step  
over the rail, when a comrade pulled  
me back, and pointing to the sentinel,  
who stood with gun ready, told me  
that was the dead line. I then hunted  
up the boys of my company who had  
gone in at the South gate. Found them  
"pitching their tent" on a pile  
of sand that had been thrown out from  
a well; I joined in, and among us we  
had two blankets for a tent, one to lie  
on, and one to cover us. The next  
day we took in with us three more  
from our regiment.

In the evening we drew rations.  
Part of the prisoners received raw  
rations, part cooked ones, our detach-  
ment drew unsifted corn-and-cob  
meal and raw meat, very small portions,  
too, of each. The others drew mush  
brought in in pine boxes that gave it  
such a flavor of turpentine that only  
starving men would have eaten it.  
But it was greedily devoured, even  
fought over. They also received a bit  
of meat, and some corn bread baked

survive, and were afflicted with various  
diseases. They were fond of telling  
that Belle Island was a much worse  
prison than this. In some respects it  
was, in others better. I believe but  
few of them ever lived to see home.  
On the other side the prisoners were  
mostly new ones, but even they look-  
ed bad, and were dying at a fear-  
ful rate. Here and there I saw men  
with a ball and chain fast to their  
ankles. They had tried to escape, a  
privilege every prisoner should have, and  
when caught by bloodhounds had been  
punished in this manner by the chival-  
ry.

The faces of all who had been long  
confined looked pinched and emaciated  
with hunger, and it was not a pleasant  
thing to think that I, too, would soon  
look like them. Many looked un-  
natural; some sad and hopeless. The  
old prisoners told me if I wanted to  
live long I must keep up a brave heart  
and never despond. As one fellow  
said, "Almost every day a southern  
paper would be brought containing  
the statement that an exchange was  
to be made at once. The Charleston  
Mercury was especially good at such  
lies, for they were nothing but lies, told  
to prevent an outbreak."

### War With England.

A special telegraphic dispatch from  
Washington to the New York World  
of Saturday referring to the controversy  
involving the Alabama claims, says:  
The tergiversation of Secretary  
Seward is of avail no more. Another  
and higher authority has determined  
upon the course which is to be pursued  
in respect to the claims of the United  
States Government upon Great Britain.  
I am authorized to state, most confi-  
dentially and decisively, that the legiti-  
mate demands which have been too  
meekly urged by the Secretary of State  
upon the British Cabinet, are to be en-  
forced at whatever hazard. The new  
British Minister, Mr. Thornton, will  
probably be presented to President  
Johnson Tuesday. Although the ad-  
dresses that are to be exchanged be-  
tween the President and Minister  
Thornton may be guarded and serene,  
the fact yet remains that a speedy and  
satisfactory response must be made by  
the British Government to the ultimum  
of the Executive of the United  
States, or else a declaration of war  
against Great Britain must inevitably  
result.

"Never buy goods of those who don't  
admit. They sell so little they have to sell  
dear."

## Select Reading.

### HIGH JINKS ON SKATES.

Everywhere, in all sorts of news-  
papers, I had read of glorious skating  
fun—Central Park skating, Schuyll-  
kill, and Schuylkill Park—Diamond  
ditto—private ditto—the grand fun-  
men on skates, boys on skates; syl-  
phids in scant skirts, steel-shod, and  
skidding away over the ice—the thun-  
der! the very reading gave me the  
ice fever, and in the delirium con-  
sequent upon the sudden attack, I re-  
solved on taking an ice cruise myself.

Why not? What was to hinder?  
I had never navigated that sort of  
craft, 'tis true. But then I'd been on  
the water, and under the water, all  
my life—and on ice, too, some. Hadn't  
I killed seals, and chased white bears,  
for weeks together, on ice?

Women could skate—so the papers  
said. So did everybody else when I  
inquired of 'em. I could skate! What  
was the reason I could not? The only  
thing I'd ever seen women do that I  
couldn't, was to hook her own dress  
up, and carrying six feet breath of  
silk thro' a twenty inch doorway.  
Yes, sir—I could skate; and I was  
bound on an ice cruise.

There was nothing to prevent the  
expedition from being fitted out at  
once. I was lounging about the Navy  
Yard, detached from everything, all  
acquaintances indolent, waiting or-  
ders. Digested with lar rooms, de-  
testing theaters, what was I to do for  
amusement? Why, skate of course!  
Ah, yes! the very thing, by Jove!  
Why hadn't I thought of that before?  
I'll have a cruise directly, or sooner,  
if possible. No—I must have the  
tools first, and started up town to find  
'em.

I brought up in front of a big win-  
dow, on the starboard side of Chest-  
nut street going towards Schuylkill,  
where they had more different rigs of  
sliding machines than you can see  
national flags in Gibraltar. Knowing  
about as much of the qualifications  
of the different patterns as a cow does  
of phonography, I went inside and  
stepped for a pair of skates.

"What kind do you prefer, sir?"  
"Oh, I have no preference. Give  
me the best you have."

"Yes, sir," and the clerk passed out  
for inspection a pair of brass-clad  
steel clippers, with more gigles and  
running rigging to 'em than there is to  
a French sloop of war.

"These are the best, are they?"  
"Yes—decidedly! Just got on to  
them, sir, and you'll go everywhere  
and anywhere, like patent lightning!"  
If you don't find it so, bring 'em  
back, sir, and I'll refund your money."

"What's the price?"  
"Fourteen dollars. Very cheap,  
sir."

Didn't believe that, of course; but  
invested the amount, and made sail for  
Fairmount.

Found superb skating. Everybody  
said so—only those that called it  
splendid! splendid! magnificent! There  
was a regiment of men a battalion of  
dimity, and a whole brigade of small  
craft, on skates, skidding, scotting,  
and cutting all sorts of antics on the  
ice; everybody laughing, chattering,  
whispering, skylarking, and skittering  
in all directions! And I don't wonder  
newspapers and every body else call it  
glorious fun.

"Have your skates strapped, sir,"  
said an itinerant boot-black, and the  
height of a walking stick.

"Do you understand it, Bab?"  
"Oh, yes, sir, I strap all the ladies'  
'em."

"Ah, ha! Do, oh? Must have a  
little time of it! Would like the b.r.h.,  
yes! There you are. Go ahead,  
y'!" and I sat down on Blackie's  
side, about a couple of fathoms out on  
the ice.

Whizz—like a rocket, went by a  
great, strapping long-legged chap,  
with a cigar flying jibboom, and  
swinging his arms like a frigate's head-  
winds in a hurricane, with braces all  
adrift.

"Oh, ho! So they can smoke on  
skates—eh, loy?"  
"Lord! yes, sir! Everybody smokes  
on ice."

"Exactly." And so I fired up on a  
Principe and shipped it for the cruise.  
Urcin announced skates all at  
nanto; and took a fifty cent "frac-  
tional" fee.

"Here, boy—here's another fifty.  
Just allow me to sit on you box a few  
minutes, till I get the run of the nav-  
igation."

"Yes, sir—you can set there till I  
get somebody else to strap."

So I sat there studying ice naviga-  
tion by dead reckoning, till directly a  
little petticoat craft, in yellow trow-  
ers, skirts to her knees, red belt, Rus-  
sian cap, and arms akimbo, swooped  
down, and checked up right in front  
of me. There she hung for a minute  
quivering like, and balancing, just as a  
fish hawk does over his prey; and all  
the time eyeing me with a dancing  
twinkle of her jolly black eyes.

"A challenge for a race, sir!—Catch  
me if you can!"

Little Dimity lifted her left foot a  
trifle, bent right knee slightly, made a  
graceful curve, the bottom of her  
skirt just brushing my nose, and off  
she went like a diving fish—ze-ee-at!  
zit!—swinging from side to side, her  
tartan skirt swaying hither and thither,  
like the tails of a spanker brailed in  
with the shiphead to the wind.

"So, ho! That's a challenge is it?  
And that's the way to skate? Thun-

der! I can skate! Anybody can  
skate!"

But I couldn't though whatever  
anybody else can do: I accepted Di-  
mity's challenge, and her practice on  
ice. So I bounced up from that  
blackening lox, lifted left foot a little,  
bent right knee, and stuck my arms  
akimbo, but I didn't cut a curve. I  
did the next best thing, however, and  
put a "spread eagle." Port foot slid  
due southeast, and starboard one  
northwest, till I realized those  
spectacular pictorial impossibilities on  
circus bills. I wondered if my boots  
and skates would ever become ship-  
mates again.

"Hallo, mister! mustn't try to skate  
all over both sides of this 'ere pond at  
once!" growled an old commercial  
looking chap, as he checked up enough  
to put in the remonstrance against my  
ice monopoly.

"I say, Mister Saltwater, couldn't  
yer lift yer self amidstships a bit, so we  
can sail 'tween yer legs," piped a  
young scamp, file leader to twenty  
juvenile skaters.

"Don't try to skate on both feet at  
once, my dear sir!" advised a sensible,  
Christian looking man, who came to  
my assistance and set me on an even  
keel once more. "When you lift one  
foot, sir, you must throw all your  
vigor and muscle into the other limb."

And then remember to sway your  
body so that your weight will always  
be on that foot which hits the ice.

"Is very easy, sir—just this way!"  
and away went my Christian mentor,  
with a long, striding, graceful swing.

"O, yes, that's very easy. All the  
vigor in the other limb. Yes, I can  
do it." So I made a prodigious scot  
and—did it!

I stuck out left leg, like a mosquito  
when he's blood-sucking. Put all my  
vigor and muscle into the right limb,  
and couldn't get it out again. Went  
on one foot like a shot; crooked  
right knee twice a minute, just as lit-  
tle Dimity did. Saw a criminal craft  
crossing my course under convoy of  
a big double banked craft, both skating  
like a streak. Tried to sheer to port  
and go clear of 'em. Missed, and  
went about of criminal. The two  
o my port skated looked like Sam-  
bo's skirt, which gave me a broad  
side to starboard, and I rammed a big  
convoy, butting him square on his out-  
er, and drove the live end of Prince-  
pale slap down his throat. There was  
an everlasting tangle, and all hands  
went sprawling on the ice, like a nest  
of Iroquois Island crabs.

"Look here, sir! what do you  
mean?" yelled the big convoy, scram-  
bling to his feet, and maneuvering for a  
broadside.

"Beg pardon, sir: I couldn't help  
it!" I replied meekly, sitting on the  
ice.

"Couldn't help it? Why, didn't  
you stop?"

"Didn't know how."  
"Oh, ho! green on skates, eh?"  
"Yes, greener'n a cabbage!"

That modified the big chap, and  
setting me on my pins again, he vol-  
unteered to educate me in checking  
up.

"Oh, yes, I can do that!" and I did  
directly. Off I shot again on one leg,  
steering this time for the shore—for  
I'd skated enough.

Half way in, and there slid right  
down in my course a crowd of forty  
or so—girls and men, and women and  
boys. I tried "down brakes," accord-  
ing to instructions; and broke too  
much. Up rose, and digging my heels  
into the ice, I sagged back like, and  
doubled amidships, as if I was going  
to take a seat—and I did! I went  
down to starboard, and with a whang  
that broke the ice like a pane of win-  
dow glass shattered by a pebble hurled  
through it.

I had an idea just then, that such a  
bump as that would have started the  
armor of any iron-clad afloat.

I sold those infernal skates just as I  
sat, for four dollars, under a strong  
conviction that there's no fun in skate-  
ing. It's all a humbug. I can't skate  
—I don't want to.

A SCHOOLOING LETTER.

BRIGHTON ACADEMY, Sept. 2.

DEAR PAP—I am getting along  
first-rate at the school, and I like it  
very much, all except Whacks, the  
assistant—"Old Beeswax," we call  
him, and we are down on him like a  
pile-driver, all on boys, for he's igno-  
rant. Why, he's so ignorant he don't  
know a blackboard from a dark night,  
no, he don't, and Bill Ferguson, he  
put a torpedo under each leg of old  
Beeswax's chair yesterday, and when he  
sat down (you see he sits down like he  
had ballast into him), why the torpedoes  
they exploded, and like to blow  
him through the roof. Golly, but  
wasn't he scared! He looked at the  
Almanac to make sure it wasn't the  
4th of July, and then he came down,  
looking mad, and kicked Bill like  
a cent. But Bill said he didn't care a  
cent, and the next time he would  
sprinkle gunpowder in his hair, and  
bust the old frontpiece off of him.

Dr. Goggles, he's a nice old feller,  
only he will set and chew gum-drops  
right before us boys, and never say  
"will you take some?" once.

He wears green spurs, and Bill Fer-  
guson, he called him "old four eyes,"  
one day, which the doctor, he heard  
of him when he said it, and he nailed  
Bill and dragged him up to the desk,  
and then he gave us a lecture, and  
said that there was once a boy he  
knew, and he was just about Bill's  
size, and he insulted an old gray-head-

ed man, and also called him wicked  
names, and the next day—the very  
next morning—that boy's mother died  
of inflammatory rheumatism, and his  
sister broke out with humors.

Bill, he cried, when the doctor held  
him by the shirt collar, and he winked  
at the boys when he came away, and  
then wrote on a piece of paper, and  
threw it over to me, that he thought  
the doctor was nothing but "a blower,"  
and that he hadn't hit a boy of his  
size.

I want some new books very much,  
about ten of them, and they will cost  
about eight dollars. Don't send the  
books, for the Doctor likes us to buy  
them here.

I don't want any money for taffy or  
marbles, for I don't care about them;  
but be sure not to send anything but  
the money for the books.

I am in good health. I was taken  
sick last week, and had a sore eye for  
a few days, but it is now well.

We was playing mumble-pag out on  
the grass, and Bill Ferguson, he grab-  
bed my knife. I told him he had bet-  
ter give that knife up, or I would tell  
you, and get you to kick him when you  
came down, and he said he could kick  
you and a dozen like you, and then he  
dared me to knock a chip off of his  
shoulder.

And Jake McGinnis, he pushed me  
right against Bill, and that knocked  
the chip off of his shoulder, and Bill  
struck me over the nose three or four  
times, and said he'd "bust me on the  
snout" if I didn't dry up, for I  
couldn't help crying, and I was taken  
sick, and I couldn't go to school all  
that day.

Please send the money, and believe  
me your affectionate son.

H. M. WILKINS.

P. S.—Don't forget to send the  
money for those books.

FROM WASHINGTON.

McClellan Endorsed the British Mission.  
The majority of the British Mission  
of the New Orleans Council—Grant  
Ends Hancock to Revolve his Order.  
—Hancock asks to be Relieved.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 11,  
1868.—Although the President has  
endeavored to keep the fact a great  
secret, it has nevertheless leaked out  
that he has tendered the mission to  
England to Gen. McClellan, and only  
waits his acceptance by cable to send  
his name to the Senate for confirmation.  
The tender was made ten days since  
but no reply has been received.

The deficiency appropriation bill  
became law to-day without the Presi-  
dent's signature, the constitutional ten-  
days having expired since it was pre-  
sented to him.

An important conflict has arisen be-  
tween the military officials in the en-  
forcement of the reconstruction laws  
by virtue of the act of Congress of  
July last. General Grant has taken a  
stand regarding the approval of an  
order issued by General Hancock re-  
cognizing the City Councils of New  
Orleans. He yesterday telegraphed to  
General Hancock to revoke his order  
relating to the councils. Genl.  
Hancock replies by telegraph that if  
General Grant insists on his order of  
revocation that he (Hancock) respect-  
fully asks to be relieved of the Fifth  
Military District. General Grant's  
reply is not known, but it is believed  
that he will maintain his disapproval  
of Hancock's order. The whole mat-  
ter has been telegraphed back to the  
President, who would doubtless de-  
cline to relieve Hancock.

The Supreme Court.

Our advices from Washington an-  
nounce that the Supreme Court of the  
United States has itself decided that  
it has no jurisdiction over the political  
acts of Congress affecting the recon-  
struction of the Southern States, and  
has dismissed the Mississippi and  
Alabama cases brought to test the con-  
stitutionality of those acts. We re-  
joice at this indication that the Supreme  
Court is disposed to confine itself to  
its proper sphere, and respect the  
political and legislative functions of a  
co-ordinate branch of the Government.  
This is in accordance with the views  
of all the leading statesmen of the Re-  
public, and with the accepted tenets of  
the Democratic party. Judge Taney's  
decision in the Dred Scott case embrac-  
ed two points. The one full of danger  
was not that "the negro had no rights  
which a white man was bound to re-  
spect," but that the Supreme Court is  
the highest political and legislative  
branch of the Government. If the  
Court has authoritatively suppressed  
this latter heresy, then its errand has  
become stainless. As a judicial tri-  
bunal it will enjoy a respect which  
would only be overthrown by usurp-  
ing political powers.—Tribune.

In Lancaster County, Pa., with a  
Republican majority of 6,000, the rate  
of taxation for the current year is fixed  
at two and a half mills on the dollar.  
In Democratic York County it is  
seven mills on the dollar, and in  
Berks, with a Democratic majority of  
7,000, it is nearly ten mills.

A CHICAGO court has decided that  
young ladies of seventeen are too old  
to be—well, spanked—was the word  
used in court, but it seems indelicate.

CHINESE cooks stew their ducks  
alive to improve their flavor. Rough  
on ducks.

A MAN in Norwich dropped a live  
coal into a bombshell "to hear it fizz."  
He heard it.

## WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

I have speculated a great deal on  
matrimony. I have seen young and  
beautiful women, the pride of the gay  
circles, married as the world says,  
well. Some have moved in their  
costly houses, and their friends have  
all come and looked at their furniture  
and their splendid home for happi-  
ness, and have gone away and com-  
mitted them to their sunny hopes,  
cheerfully and without fear. It is  
natural to be sanguine for them as the  
young are sometimes carried away with  
similar feelings.

I love to get unobserved into a  
corner and watch the bride in her  
white attire, and with her smiling  
face and soft eyes meeting me in the  
pride of life; weaving a waking  
dream of future happiness, and per-  
suade myself it will be true. I think  
how they will sit upon the luxuriant  
sofa as the twilight falls, and build  
gay hopes, and murmur in low tones  
the not now forbidden tenderness;  
and how thrilling the allowed kiss and  
beautiful endearments of wedded life  
will make even their parting joys,  
and how gladly they will come back  
from the crowded empty mirth  
of the gay to each other's quiet com-  
pany.

I picture to myself that young crea-  
ture, who blushes even now at his  
hesitating caress, listening eagerly for  
his footsteps as the night steals on,  
wishing he would come, and when he  
enters at last, and with an affection  
as undying as his pulse, folds her to his  
bosom. I can feel the tide that goes  
flowing through the heart, and gaze  
with him on the graceful form as she  
moves about in the kind offices of af-  
fection, soothing all his unquiet cares,  
and making him forget even himself  
in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years, and see her  
luxuriant hair put soberly away from  
her brow, and her girlish graces re-  
signed to dignity and loveliness,  
chastened with the gentle meekness of  
maternal affection. Her husband looks  
on with a proud eye, and shows the  
same fervent love and delicate at-  
tention which first won her, and her  
fair children are grown about them,  
and they go on, full of honor and un-  
troubled years, and are remembered  
when they die.—Washington Irving.

A Temperance Anecdote.

Over in a neighboring city of Tiffin,  
"once upon a time," a young theologi-  
cal student was delivering a temper-  
ance lecture, and proving by the Bible  
which he had open before him, that  
strong drink was injurious to man  
and a sin against God. Now, in that  
city lives a man known as Cooper K,  
a former Democrat, M. C., who is  
very fond of his bitters. Just as the  
young man got fairly warmed up in  
his subject, old Cooper K. came in  
pretty well poisoned, and took a seat.  
After sitting a few minutes, he arose in  
his seat, and stealing himself, he ap-  
proached the speaker and said: "Young  
man (hie), young man (hie), don't you  
know that that Book (hie) only men-  
tions one man (hie) who was in h-ll  
(hie), where he ought to be?"  
The converts to the cold water cause  
were not numerous that night.—  
Findlay Courier.

Two Confederate soldiers, on their  
return to their home in Northwestern  
Louisiana, fell in love with the same  
girl; and seeing no other way of  
deciding which should have her, agreed  
to settle the question with muskets—  
they to start toward each other from  
points half a mile apart, and "shoot up"  
through the brushwood, and take their  
chances respectively. The signal for  
the start having been given by a  
neighbor firing a gun, they took to  
the brush, and began to play Indian.  
But one of them soon made a dash for  
the log cabin of the girl's father, and  
coaxed her to run away with him.  
The other, after "scotting" cautiously  
around in the brush till near dark,  
came out, and, suspecting some love  
went to the cabin where his love resid-  
ed, and there learned of her elopement,  
from her mother, who was privy to the  
transaction. Astonished at such  
treachery, and mortified by his defeat,  
the baffled lover stepped outside the  
door and blew his own brains out with  
his musket.

Never Idle.

The farmer cannot be a loafer, and  
yet thrive. Pruning, draining, kill-  
ing weeds, making walls, getting out  
muck, preparing the manure heap,  
cutting bushes and cleaning up around  
the walls; bustening up the cracks of  
the old barn to keep the cattle and  
horses from freezing; giving the swine  
a warm pen, allowing no leaks, if a  
single can be found, and no broken  
panes for the ornamental work of old  
hats and rags; if a square of glass can  
be obtained, are a few of the fair  
weather jobs which claim his attention  
during the recess of the harvest sea-  
son. The foul weather jobs are nearly  
as numerous, and their claims as  
urgent on the attention of every tidy,  
thriving farmer.

Justice and Mercy.

No obligation to justice does force a  
man to be cruel or to use the sharpest  
sentence. A just man does justice to  
every man and to everything; and  
then, if he be also wise, he knows there  
is a debt of mercy and compassion due  
to the infirmities of man's nature; and  
that is to be paid; and he that is cruel  
and ungentle to a sinning person, and  
does the worst to him, dies in his debt,  
and is unjust. Pity, and forbearance,  
and long suffering, and fair interpreta-  
tion, and excusing our brother, and  
taking in the best sense, and passing  
the gentlest sentence, are as certainly  
our duty, and as owing to every person  
that does offend and can repent, as  
calling to account and be owing to the  
law, and are first to be paid; and he  
that does not do so is an unjust per-  
son.

Senatorial Amicities.

Reverdy Johnson in opening his re-  
ply to Senator Morton's speech on re-  
construction, paid him the following  
compliment: "I proceed now to the  
speech of the honorable member from  
Indiana (Mr. Morton.) In common  
with every member of the Senate, I  
listened to that speech not only with  
pleasure, but with admiration. It was  
courteous, logically argumentative,  
and had the true spirit of eloquence. It  
was a speech of which the Senate has  
cause to feel proud. It brought back  
our debates, if they have wandered  
from that standard, to the standard of  
former days, when no personal reflec-  
tions were indulged in, when high ele-  
vated principles guided the discus-  
sion, when the good of the country alone  
seemed to be considered, and not the  
mere success of party."